

Masthead Logo

The Iowa Review

Volume 8
Issue 3 *Summer*

Article 4

1977

Weed

Robert Hass

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hass, Robert. "Weed." *The Iowa Review* 8.3 (1977): 26-26. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2214>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

Weed / Robert Hass

Horse is Lorca's word, fierce as wind
or melancholy, gorgeous, Andalusian:
 white horse grazing near the river dust;
and parsnip is hopeless,
 second cousin to the rhubarb
which is already second cousin
 to an apple pie. Marrying the words
to the coarse white umbels sprouting
 on the first of May is history
but coveys nothing; it is not the veined
 body of Queen Anne's lace
I found, bored, in a spring classroom
 from which I walked hands tingling
for the breasts that are meadows in New Jersey
 in 1933; it is thick, shaggier, and the name
is absurd. It speaks of durable
 unimaginative pleasures: reading Balzac,
fixing the window sash, rising
 to a clean kitchen, the fact
that the car starts & driving to work
through hills where the roadside thickens
 with the green ungainly stalks,
 the bracts and bright white flowerets
of horse-parsnips.

*Like Three Fayre Branches from
One Root Deriv'd* / Robert Hass

I am outside a door and inside
the words do not fumble